Rockledge, Sept. 10, 1877.

My Dear Fanny:

Safely "home again from a foreign shore!" This intelligence has already been communicated to you — first, telegraphically, and next by a letter from Frank. For the far greater portion of the time, we had a remarkably fine passage from Liverpool to New York, occupying only ten days. As in going out, so on the voyage home, strange to say, I experienced no sea-sickness; but I got no sleep by night, and very little during the day, being tormented with that intolerable itching of the whole system from which Dr. White, of this city, once happily delivered me, which vexed me all through England and Scotland, and which I hope Dr. White will once more help me to throw off. Fortunately, I experienced no other drawback during my absence.

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We found Wendell at the Jersey Dock, ready to give us the welcoming embrace on our landing. Of course, our first anxious inquiry was as to the latest intelligence from Harry and yourself; and great was our joy to learn that his recovery was rapidly progressing, and that you had well recovered from the prostration caused by such protracted anxiety and watchfulness respecting his very critical condition. Since then, a letter has been received from Harry, giving a circumstantial account of his case, and also one from you; both holding out the delightful probability that we shall see you here early in October, if no unforeseen obstacle present — a reunion for which we are longing more than words can express. It will give us unspeakable satisfaction to have you all located for the coming winter so near us as New York — it will be so easy to interchange visits, which would be impracticable should you remain in California.

We spent two days very pleasantly at the Park before going to Boston, finding Wendell and his children and Mrs. McKim in good health, and receiving every kindness possible. In New York I called upon Mrs. Lavin and Carrie, who eagerly inquired about you all — the latter stating that she saw you in Colorado just before leaving, and speaking in glowing terms (as you have so graphically written) of the marvellous beauty and bewitching attractions of that distant region — adding that she should rather live there than in New York! I also saw Mrs. Haydock, who (with her husband) preceded me in going to and returning from Europe, and had enjoyed the excursion very highly. I ought to have stated that Mr. Richards went down the harbor to greet us before reaching the city, and did us good service in getting our custom-house examination made as expeditiously as possible, seeing that there were nearly two hundred and eighty other passengers to be attended to.

On our arrival at Rockledge we had the most affectionate greetings from George, William, Ellie, Liggie Simmons, and Georgina. Everything in the house and about the premises was in the nicest order — the sitting-room and parlor were profusely supplied with a great variety of beautiful flowers — and we all sat down to an elegantly prepared supper, to which were added "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Now that our transatlantic tour has been consummated, it seems almost like a delicious dream; and yet, from beginning to end, nothing could be more realistic. We did not pass an idle hour, whether in England, Scotland, or Wales, but were busily engaged either in sight-seeing or receiving or making calls, or participating in social parties drawn together to give us a most cordial reception. But I need not go into particulars, as Frank's letters have put you in possession of

the various incidents that occurred in the course of our travels. Suffice it to say that nothing could exceed the courtesies and kindnesses showered upon us by our multitudinous friends, whose respect and affection are in value beyond all price. Nor were you, or Harry, or your darling children forgotten by them, as they inquired after you all with affectionate interest, and were specially moved by the deepest sympathy when they were informed of Harry's dangerous illness. Fortunately for us, we knew nothing of its ~~dangerous~~ alarming stages until the worst was over and the terrible crisis passed; but unutterable were the anxiety and distress of mind felt by Wm dell, William, George, and other beloved ones, while your afflicting telegrams were being received from day to day, leaving little hope of Harry's recovery. And how tremendous must have been the pressure upon your own spirits during that short but most trying experience!

We could have had private hospitality in every place that we visited, and, indeed, from one end of the kingdom to the other; but in some instances we preferred to be at hotels — as, for example, at the Royal Hotel, during our fortnight's residence in London, where we had excellent accommodations, and were delighted with the location — thanks to Harry for directing us thither. To Miss Estlin, at Bristol, we were largely indebted for hospitable entertainment and unwearied attentions; also to the dear Mawson family at Gateshead; and especially to our beloved Mrs. Nichol at Edinburgh, under whose roof we remained some ten or twelve days. They all greatly augmented our enjoyment, and we evidently added much to their own. Miss Estlin followed us to North Wales, and accompanied us back to Liverpool to be present at our embarkation. She seemed to be in much better health than when she was here a few years ago.

Another delightful home we found with the Luptons at Leeds, where we remained a week, protracting our stay somewhat longer on account of our dear, afflicted, and greatly debilitated friend George Thompson, who resides very near them. His vocal organs being partially paralyzed, it is with extreme difficulty that he can hold any conversation; his bodily weakness is so great that he totters rather than walks; and his deafness is an additional barrier to an easy social intercourse. Of course, we were both deeply affected at our first meeting, and particularly when we bade farewell to each other, there being no probability of our ever again meeting on earth. I found poor Mrs. Thompson confined to her chamber and bed since last March, with a wasting disease; and it was evident that the time for her departure was very near. She had borne her sufferings with remarkable fortitude, and was patiently awaiting the issue.

Among those who have called since my return are Mr. and Mrs. (Ruth [Kate] Gunnett) Wells, Lizzie Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs Bush, Mr. Mack and Bella, Mr. Wallcut, and Mr. Lewis. Mr. Wallcut has perceptibly changed, looking less florid and thinner in the face, and manifestly ill at ease for lack of employment. John Richie and his young German wife are expected home next week. Mary Willey is not expected to live many days longer. Mr. Emerson is also seriously ill.

I trust it is your intention to make us a visit, with the children and Harry, before you take up your quarters at New York for the winter. In the meantime may no evil befall any of you, and may a happy reunion be ours at your return.

Thanks for all your letters to me, and Wendell, and Ellie. Affectionate regards and congratulations to Harry. Many kisses for darling Helen, Harold and Oswald.

Your loving Father.

P. S. Just as I am sealing this letter, yours of the 4th inst. is received, and also your postal card, stating that you had seen the announcement of the arrival of the Bothnia at New York. It is pleasant to receive your filial congratulations on our quick passage and safe return. How good you are in writing so often, keeping us all apprised of your every movement! I want to hug you to my heart, and cover your face with kisses.

Dear, darling Helen may love her grandpa very much, as he certainly does her; but she will love her ever kind and watchful mother none the less. I think there is a peculiar drawing of our spirits together. With yourself she is nestled in the very core of my heart. Indeed, is not every one of my grandchildren very dear to me?

You give a very graphic description of that marvellous hotel at which you are stopping. It may well aspire to the title of palatial.

It seems California is the place for fattening women. Extreme obesity is a burden and a deformity; but I prefer to see a substantial looking lady than one "thin as a rail." When you come back we will put you into the scales, and there is no danger that the result will be found wanting."

The coincidence of our arriving at New York on the anniversary of your sainted mother's marriage was not forgotten by us. Alas! home without her sweet presence will never be as it has been.

You do not say when you expect to leave San Francisco; but I hope this will reach you before your departure.

This afternoon I am going to Forest Hill Cemetery, with William and Ellie to visit your mother's grave. How many recollections of her will be revived — so sweet, so good, so loving was her nature. What a wife, and what a mother

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